

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ



The First Couple

DMC CLASS OF 1985 DIGITAL MAGAZINE ANNUAL ISSUE

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Edited by: Saleem A Khanani and Sameena Khan

ANNUAL ISSUE

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

HAJJ AND EID MUBARAK



A TOKEN OF APPRECIATION

By the grace of Allah Almighty the D85 digital magazine has completed its first year of publication. The year passed by quickly but so many things happened that filled the pages of this magazine whose first issue ran into only 23 pages. At that time it was an idea that just came into my mind and took about an hour to put into writing. The subsequent issues required not only extra effort and thinking but also continued support from all the friends for which the editors are and will always remain grateful. Please continue your support and make dua for all of us that we remain connected with each other.



بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

وَالَّذِينَ إِذَا فَعَلُوا فَاحِشَةً أَوْ ظَلَمُوا أَنْفُسَهُمْ ذَكَرُوا اللَّهَ
فَاسْتَغْفَرُوا لِذُنُوبِهِمْ ۖ وَمَنْ يَغْفِرَ الذُّنُوبَ إِلَّا اللَّهُ ۚ
وَلَمْ يُصِرُّوا عَلَىٰ مَا فَعَلُوا وَهُمْ يَعْلَمُونَ ﴿١٣٥﴾

الْاٰمِرٰتِ ١٣٥:٣

And those who, when they have committed Fahishah (great sins or illegal sexual intercourse etc.) or wronged themselves with evil, remember Allah and ask forgiveness for their sins; - and none can forgive sins but Allah - And do not persist in what (wrong) they have done, while they know.

اور وہ (پرہیزگار) لوگ جب کوئی برا کام کر بیٹھتے ہیں یا اپنے آپ پر ظلم کر گزرتے ہیں تو اللہ کو یاد کرتے ہیں، پھر اپنے گناہوں کی بخشش مانگتے ہیں اور اللہ کے سوا کون ہے جو گناہوں کو بخشتا ہے؟ اور وہ اپنے کیے پر جان بوجھ کر اصرار (ضد) نہیں کرتے۔



THE FIRST COUPLE

SHEHLA AND MOAZZAM HABIB

A SPECIAL FEATURE ON THEIR 30TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY
BY MOAZZAM HABIB

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

السلام عليكم
Fellow graduates of Dow Class of 1985

Saleem has privileged Shehla and me with a feature spot in the Dow 1985 online magazine

I have been asked to share a few thoughts about our journey of life together called Marriage of which we will be completing 30 years in November

The journey began back in the good old Dow Medical College on a sunny morning when I laid eyes on the wonderful person who was eventually to conquer my heart and make it her abode. While it was not love at first sight, for both of us were focused on our careers (at least she was) love and respect eventually took root and a desire to become The One for each other blossomed

It culminated in our marriage in 1983. We were unwittingly given the title of the First Couple of Dow Class of 1985. I remember humbly the recognition we got as newly married at a class function. Thank you all!

Well as most of you know marriage is simply the first milestone. What follows is the partnership that is watered by not only love but by selflessness, care for each other's emotions, recognition of the others love language, being an open book, sharing all, being the rock that the other stands on, the shoulder the other cries on , the uplifter and encourager for each other , the biggest cheerleader and friend.

Thirty years have provided lots of opportunity for all kinds of events. We have shared situations of joy and happiness, weathered life's struggles and challenges, driven through peaks and valleys but Alhamdulillah each day has been full of bliss, and developing greater admiration, togetherness and love for each other, a blessing from

the Creator and the glue that joins us together for eternity. Each experience the silk thread that wraps around us and brings us closer for eternity

I can say without a doubt that I as an 18 year old love struck teenager who only saw beauty personified in Shehla (as each of you gentleman saw in your life mate) had no idea what an incredible lady God had gifted and placed in my path.

We both feel blessed to have each other as The life partner for the other , the parents of three phenomenal sons a life full of thanks and rejoicing.

On this our 30 th Wedding anniversary we humbly and happily thank God most gracious. We wish each other for another most joyously satisfying 30 years and more and again wish all our Dow friends the best for their lives too.



The Royal Wedding of D85



The Royal Family of D85

DEAR SHEHLA AND MOAZZAM

D85 WISHES YOU A HAPPY AND BLESSED 30TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY!

NO ONE WHO WAS AT DOW IN THE 80S WILL FORGET THIS STORY OF LOVE TRIUMPHANT; PURE, SIMPLE, SINCERE AND PERSISTENT. THE 30TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY IS A TESTIMONY TO THIS. THE EDITORS DECIDED TO HONOR THE FIRST COUPLE BY DEDICATING THE FIRST ANNUAL ISSUE OF D85 DIGITAL MAGAZINE TO THEIR LOVE.

A TRIBUTE BY A FRIEND

SHEHLA HUSSAIN

I was friends with Shehla for some time and then got to know Moazzam. Till then he was that guy with the very British mannerisms driving around with a seat belt on in Karachi.

I remember Moazzam as the God fearing person who went to the CHK mosque regularly. We found out eventually that his prayers were answered when he announced his engagement to Shehla. For all of us, it was a happy occasion and then it was back to business as usual but not for Moazzam. He was in our clinical batch (D1) and Shehla was in a different group so he did not waste a minute and went through all the logistics, had the paperwork done and finally had Shehla transferred to our group. Shehla, the sweet, soft-spoken and kind-hearted girl, quickly became an integral part of our group. She was always immaculately dressed with well-creased clothes and matching accessories and never a hair out of place.

All the years in DMC and especially during exam time, I would see that Moazzam was extremely caring and understanding towards Shehla. Not that I was "keeping an eye" as the Group Leader but it was more than obvious that Moazzam would never leave Shehla on her own when he could help in any way with her studies.

Then came the big day. We all had fun and were obviously the dulha-walas. The food was great and now after all these years I still remember the delicious fruit trifle. Not much time passed and we became Aunts and Uncles when their first son Sameer was born, one of the very first offspring of D-85.

Shehla and Moazzam always did things together. I remember them visiting us at our home in Karachi and then here in New Jersey. I met their second son Daniyal for the first time when they were visiting New Jersey. I fondly remember how the then little Daniyal would always give you a tight hug as part of saying Khuda Hafiz. Now I see a post on Shehla's Facebook page: "Hugging is good medicine" and it definitely holds true.

I have been in touch with the Habibs since a long time and there is one striking observation. Whenever their parents pick up the phone, you always get an outpouring of immense affection and "shafqat," whether it be Shehla's or Moazzam's parents. They always want to know how we are doing. I just love the fact that the entire family lives together. It is rare to find and even more rare to see it nurtured, but they have managed it with grace and love.

I remember once it had been a while since Shehla and I spoke and when I called, Moazzam picked up the phone and said "Guess what? We have baby Adeel now!" This was indeed a surprise but nonetheless wonderful news. Since then, I try not leave a big gap and make a point to get in touch frequently! Last December was the first time I met Adeel and what a terrific kid he is. His caring personality was apparent as shared through tears that he was missing someone while away from them.

My daughter Sana and I wish Shehla and Moazzam a very Happy Anniversary! May they be blessed and may their children and grandchildren celebrate their wedding anniversaries the way they celebrate their parents!

Moazzam and Shehla- A Modern Day Love Story of The Habibs (Beloveds)

Nadeem Zafar- Memphis-TN

(The Editors declare full indemnity from the disclosure of classified information that follows☺)

So! One would think the modern day love stories are no big deal-yes?! With so much social media access available, having a 24/07 access to your beloved gets so much easier. But it was not always the case if you refer to the Annals of History, Volume 278 (part 3), Special Suppl. (Dow 1985 Love Story Edition) Page 25-30 (Moazzam Habib et al.)

Entering Dow was a very unique experience for many of us who had never been a part of the co-ed educational system (grammarians are exception). The world and its colors had suddenly changed. It was fun to see some of my classmates show up in two- and three piece suits on day 1 and 2, only to land in front of the seniors (ladies mostly) who gave them the first taste of ragging. Among those who joined Dow in 1978, included a gentleman whose family was based in Saudi Arabia, and who lived with his Khala and her family. He was down to earth, who in the course of his stay at Dow got a white station wagon presented by his parents to help him move around but also to help his free-loader friends (like myself).

Fast-forward some months and the friendships started to gel and in some private conversation, our good friend Moazzam confirmed that he was badly afflicted with the undying love for this elegant lady, Shehla Abid, and there were many consensus meetings among friends as to how he could make some kind of headway with this very official and reserved colleague. Most of us would have given up for the very (very very) reserved demeanor (aur bhi dhuk hain zamanay mein muhabbat ke siwa), but not this jawaan Moazzam.

Because of the oath of loyalty among friends, I cannot disclose every bit of detail but let me just confirm that had I spent that kind of dedication seeking Bigfoot or Loch Ness monster, I would have found both and some mermaids also. Somehow, it seemed that the sun that came out in the morning and the moon in the evening, and perhaps had you asked Moazzam he might not have noticed the difference, would have this lovely lady's image firmly implanted on both. Me- never saw one either! While I can recall many incidents, and I am sure even Moazzam may not remember, all these journals we had to make and the assignments we had to keep, were processed in such a way that Shahla's journals and assignments were always completed on time (with help from Moazzam if he was allowed to offer)- the rest of us could go to Mexico of course ☺

The dedication and commitment that I saw from Moazzam was unparalleled and yes Taali Aik Haath Se Bhi Bajti Hai ☺

His persistence was rewarded. Love won unlike the tragedy in the mundane Pakistani movies. Shehla said yes and the two families then met quickly. The wedding was formalized to everyone's and particularly our satisfaction. Would you believe it if I told you that Moazzam kept a tab on every color of every dress that this beautiful lady wore over the 5 academic years, or where she was at any given time on any given day? Such dedication could not go unnoticed and it did not for sure.

Editorial post note: Look forward to some more success stories like Shujaat and Tasneem, Shabbir and Asma, Kadir and Fowzia, all with MA very happy endings. The request for this missive came from Saleem Khanani who takes full responsibility for the idea and its execution. The author of this article receives no honorarium and may in fact become a target for the two beloveds whose story has many more twist and turns, and round-about, than life itself!

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come:
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

A TREASURY OF HAPPY MEMORIES OF WONDERFUL DAYS



Moazzam, Pervaiz, Shirin Z. Shehla H., Shehla Abid, and Sherry



COURTESY SHEHLA HUSSAIN AND NIGAR YOUSUF

On Patriotism

Saleem A Khanani

The sound seemed to be coming from a distance, perhaps from a different world. It seemed to be getting louder, slowly but surely. At first it seemed unreal but its ever increasing loudness gave its occurrence credibility. Slowly he turned over in his warm bed. It was the alarm clock going on, heralding the end of the sleeping hours, hours that are so deep, so sweet but never too long. He rubbed his eyes gently, let out a big yawn and cracked his joints. The alarm clock was at its loudest, an intruder that needed to be silenced with a firm tap on the alarm button. He opened his eyes while still lying and felt a sense of relief against the backdrop of a pervasive darkness. He suddenly remembered that he had just woken up from a dream, a very strange dream, both terrifying and gratifying.

He recalled a short poem he had once read written by D H Lawrence

**All people dream, but not equally.
Those who dream by night in the dusty recesses of their mind,
Wake in the morning to find that it was vanity.**

**But the dreamers of the day are dangerous people,
For they dream their dreams with open eyes,
And make them come true.**

Was he experiencing a moment of vanity that the poet described? What if the dream became true?

He felt a strange sensation engulfing his body and mind as he began to recall the sounds and images of his dream at random. Soon his mind began to put the symbols in order. He was looking at a garden that was on fire. He heard the cries and saw the faces of a frightened crowd. Old men, young men, old women, young women, children all had terror written on their faces, terror of impending death. They were all rushing to the gates to get out. Some burnt on the way, some collapsed. Some were brave enough to reach the gates only to be pushed back by the dark faced guards.

Where was he? Was he among the burning sea of humanity? The mere thought was spine chilling. And then the moment of relief dawned. He was not inside. He was watching the inferno from afar, as if watching television sitting on his cozy couch, eating popcorns and sipping on a can of soda, cool and refreshing. He was in safe haven.

Gratified at finding himself safe both in the dream and in his bedroom, he got up wearily and made his way to the bathroom. This did not look like a usual morning. The sun should have brightened the surroundings. But it looked so dark and gloomy, unlike the bright summer morning that he was so used to looking on to his lush green backyard from the window of his

bathroom. He turned the lights on standing in front of the canvass like mirror on top of the gold edged sink.

Suddenly he was taken aback. Who was he looking at in the mirror? A wrinkled face with grey hair and dark circles around both eyes. He rubbed his eyes and opened them again slowly, casting a fearful look at the mirror again. It was not someone else. He was looking at his own reflection. Mirrors do not lie.

He splashed water over his face, brushed his teeth and changed his clothes. It was still dark and gloomy as he sat on the breakfast table. His mind was busy trying to find out what the dream meant. Thoughts crossed his minds like gusts of dust rising from the sand in a desert. He had to admit his inability to unravel the mystery that seemed to extend from his persona to everything around him. The sun was still nowhere to be seen.

He finally decided to call his wise friend. "I had a dream", he muttered on the phone. The wise man at the other end may have been smiling. As he narrated his dream, there was silence at the other end. Having heard the entire story, the wise man began to talk. "The garden is the country, your country of birth. The people inside it are its people, your compatriots. They are going through a slow death while you are watching them with a sense of relief that you are not one of them."

But I left my country years ago. I am the citizen of another country, a free man, an enlightened individual, successful and happy. What do I have to do with the country of my birth now? What is it that made me see my country in a dream, burning with its own citizens crying for help?

His questions generated a one-word response: Patriotism.

Patriotism! He had heard this word before when he was at college. He saw himself standing on the podium of the college hall debating the concept with a class fellow on the other hand.

"Patriotism is devotion to one's own country and concern for its defense. It is a devoted love, support, and defense of one's country; national loyalty." He carried on in an emotionally charged manner, deeply convinced by his arguments.

It was his opponent's turn then.

"Patriotism, sir, is the last resort of scoundrels," said Dr. Johnson. "Leo Tolstoy defines patriotism as the principle that will justify the training of wholesale murderers." "Gustave Hervé, another great anti-patriot, justly calls patriotism a superstition--one far more injurious, brutal, and inhumane than religion. Patriotism is a superstition artificially created and maintained through a network of lies and falsehoods; a superstition that robs man of his self-respect and dignity, and increases his arrogance and conceit."

His opponent quoted one reference after another to the unstoppable clapping of the audience. Patriotism had lost!

This word had seemed to have been wiped off his memory over the past 25 years as he worked towards a life of comfort away from his once beloved country. It had come back to haunt him.

“What can I do to change the country when it is hell-bent on self-destruction?” He asked unconvincingly.

“How do you define a country?” the friend asked.

“A country is a region legally identified as a distinct entity in political geography.” He found the answer in no time on Wikipedia.

“No a country is not a piece of land, a name on the world map devoid of a soul. A country is what its people are. You do not love your home while hating the people inside it. You love the people who turn a four walled structure into a home. Your love for the people of your country is patriotism.”

“How can I love people who are destroying their own country? How can I ignore the bigotry of its leaders, the extremism of its orthodoxy, the corruption of its officials and the apathy of its people?”

“Because they are your people and your love has the power to change them, one at a time.”

“And how do I do this?” he asked.

“Through work, wealth, wisdom and words.”

“But I do not think that I will see a change in my life time.”

“When you plant a tree, you do not do it to eat its fruit. That may never happen but someone someday will eat its fruit. Someone will sit under its shade. Your country is a sapling waiting for you to plant it and water it. It will grow. Its leaves will be green. Its fruit will be ripe and delicious. The worms that are ready to eat it will die their natural death. Plant a tree. Educate a girl who will be mother to a new generation that would rather die than cut the very branch they are perched upon.”

A little girl was walking towards him with the biggest smile that he had ever seen. Her cheeks were rosy. Her eyes were bright. She approached him and he could feel her tiny fingers touch his hands saying, “thank you for helping me read and write”.

He looked outside his window. The garden was there but the fire was gone. He saw a crowd of happy faces sitting under a tree, with books in their hands and hope shining brightly in their eyes.

A sound seemed to be coming from a distance slowly increasing in amplitude. The alarm clock had announced the dawn of a bright day. He rubbed his eyes and stared at the light outside the bedroom window. He saw patriotism written on the horizon.



Remembering Faiz by Izhar Khan

September the 21st 2013 will always remain in my mind as a memorable day. I had travelled from Aberdeen the night before at the request of my dear friend and comrade Dr Umer Daraz Khan, who we know affectionately as UD. Some months before UD had sent me the proofs of his novel "Dahshat Gard Ya Maasoom", a riveting novella based in the war torn Northern Tribal areas of Pakistan. The protagonist of the novel is a child who is taken into a Madressah by recruiters to the Jihadi cause. I readily accepted UD's invitation to help launch his book especially as it was to be held at the 2013 Faiz Mela in Euston's Friends House.

For some years Asim Ali Shah, Rehman Khan and others, who organise this annual event had asked me to come but work and other commitments had prevented me from attending. I was not disappointed and the Faiz mela brought back so many memories of past gatherings of progressive friends and fellow left wing comrades. There were many Dowites some of whom I had not met for decades including Ahmad Zaheer Babar, Waqar Yusuf, Rohinton Mulla and his wife Humaira, Khalid Anwar, Anwar Shakeel, Jamshed Bashir, Adnan Zubairi, Arif Yusuf Zai, Mohammad Ali Jawad to name a few. At times it seemed I was transported to a DMC election meeting!

The hall was being refurbished and there was scaffolding throughout the venue. A sense of healthy nostalgic chaos prevailed which far from distracting from the excitement of commemorating Faiz, the iconic giant of progressive thought from the East, enhanced the event in a strange sort of way.

The contributors included Zia Mohiuddin, a great essayist and narrator of poetry and prose. Zia regaled us with a great essay on Faiz by the late great Ibn Insha in a quaint rustic Punjabi accent (which Ibn Insha himself had suggested). There were excellent musical renditions of some of his poetry including Dasht e Tanhai Mein and some dance and tableau pieces.

For me the highlight was the contribution from Faiz's daughter Salima Hashmi, who recounted childhood memories of her father, who wrote some of his most passionate and moving poetry from imprisonment at the hand of military dictators. To attempt to describe Faiz's impact on poetry, literature and politics would require volumes and is beyond the remit of my short piece. Suffice it to say that his influence was evidenced by the fact that at the event the hall was filled to overflowing.

My one slight gripe was that the acoustics could have been better and perhaps the venue was a trifle small for the numbers attending, the latter, however, is testimony to Faiz's international repute. To my comrades who organised this memorable gathering all I can say is thank you and bring on Faiz Mela 2014.

گر مجھے اس کا یقین ہو
میرے بدمد میرے دوست
گر مجھے اس کا یقین ہو کہ تیرے دل کی تھکن
تیری آنکھوں کی اداسی تیرے سینے کی جلن
میری دلجوئی میرے پیار سے مٹ جائے گی
گر میرا حرف تسلی
وہ دوا ہو جس سے
جی اٹھے پھر تیرا اجڑا ہوا بے نور دماغ
تیری پیشانی سے دھل جائیں گے تزیل کے داغ
تیری بیمار جوانی کو شفا ہو جائے
گر مجھے اس کا یقین ہو
میرے بدمد میرے دوست - - -

A WEDDING TO REMEMBER

ZAIN SHARIF

I thought residency was a challenge but arranging Zain's wedding in a foreign country was nothing less!

It was very special for me not only because it was my first son's wedding but also, as you all know I don't have a daughter, and I was so excited to get this opportunity to get all my deep hidden desires to shop and spoil a daughter !!

Well the wedding was set in Bodrum, a beach resort south of Turkey about an hour's flight from Istanbul. Don't ask me how far in miles or kilometers. Hate Math!

Reached Istanbul where 10 other members of my family were awaiting me. Lost my luggage, almost missed our flight to Bodrum (13 people flying together, no joke. We reached Bodrum at 2 am, tired and hungry! Could not sleep the whole night!!! Despite all the setbacks and mishaps it could not dampen my excitement and I was all charged for the next day for the Nikah ceremony.

My Son Zain graduated from the University College London in Economics and he now works as a financial analyst at JP Morgan Chase in Manhattan, NY. I am very proud of his achievements!

Melis , my daughter in law was born and brought up in Pennsylvania to a Turkish father and American mother. She went to school in pen state and then to Geneva for masters in human rights! Something so close to my heart. Her parents are now retired in Turkey and that is where the wedding was set.

Nikha day was nothing like what it is in Pakistan. Dulha and dulhan in traditional outfits, Imam in modern outfit :) Nikha recited in Arabic and translated in English. Mehndi after Nikha, so graciously done by my adorable nieces from

Pakistan and Houston! Last but not the least all the dancing on the wedding reception the next day!

Reception was at the beach resort outdoors with a small ceremony where the bride and the groom took their vows. Dinner was sit down, 10 course with all you can drink (soft drinks though!)

We had mother and son, daughter and father dance, and then the first dance for the bride and the groom. Dance floor was open to all after that and guess where I was the whole night.

The day after was celebrated on a boat arranged by the bride and the groom for the wedding party! Most wonderful experience. Swam in the sea, of course with the life jacket, ate, drank and just relaxed with the newly wed couple.

I think the wedding was a perfect blend of the East and the West.

I had to thank my sister who is like a mother to me after my parents' death 20 years ago. She made it possible for me to keep my traditions alive with all the laddos, mehndi and jewellery! Love my family for being there for me in rough times and happy times!

I am truly blessed with my 3 wonderful, caring and handsome sons who had been by my side all the time and now an awesome daughter in law. Allhamdullilah!

Tabassum, the proud mom!



THE WEDDING CARD



*Mother
of the
Groom*

A decorative flourish at the bottom of the text, featuring three stylized flowers and a leafy vine.

Dr Tabassum Sharif
requests the pleasure of
your company to celebrate
the wedding ceremony of
her son Zain with Melis
(daughter of Mr and
Mrs Figanmeze)
on August 17th, 2013 at
7pm
Gardens of Babylon
Bodrum, Turkey



SOME PHOTOS FROM THE WEDDING



TABASSUM WITH HER THREE HANDSOME SONS



A Novel by Dr. Umar Daraz Khan, DMC Class of 1986

One of the highlights of the Faiz Mela of 2013 was the inauguration of the first novel by Umar Daraz Khan. Umar was kind enough to mail me a copy from UK. I finished it in two sittings. While reading it the idea of writing a review of it emerged in my mind that I shared it with Izhar Khan. Izhar's approval gave me further motivation but there was this issue of both of us being influenced by what the other was writing in view of the fact that, being the editor of this magazine, I will have to go through it any way. We decided to write independently. I wrote my review and included in the draft while Izhar wrote his being emailing me his piece. None of us has been biased by each other's impression. And then came a review by Syed Khalid Anwer, a dowite of the 1986 class. The readers will get an idea of how three minds receive the same information, look at the same picture and read the same material and yet come away with a different impression. The three impressions do not have to contradict each other. Rather they broaden the scope of the work and highlight different aspects of it.

A Review By Saleem A Khanani

The usual way in which someone writes a review on a book or any piece of literature is to first introduce the writer. The work under discussion is then reviewed with the writer in the center of it. I faced a problem when writing this review since, although I have known Umar since he entered DMC in 1979, I never got to know him closely or personally. I decided to turn this into an opportunity by reading his novel and discovering the writer through it and not the other way around.

The novel is short and sweet; it can be read in one sitting and this is what should be done. It is historical but not a narrative of historical facts and figures arranged by an objective historian writing hundreds of years later in a different place. It is history as lived through by Aslam Khan whose son Khasta Khan, a child of about 11 years is the central character of the story. The child grows in a small village in the Northern part of Pakistan desiring the same education that any child of his age deserves. Sadly the schools in the area have been closed by religious extremists. He is taken away from his parents on the pretext of getting religious education with money being paid to the family, only to end up begging on the streets of Karachi closely monitored by ring leader

The other events in Aslam Khan's life during this phase are no less important in understanding the mind of the people in that dangerous part of the world. What these people are going through is beautifully illustrated by the writer's deep insight. The language used is refreshing, and the style of narration is sublimely literary.

The tension in a father's mind when his own friend, almost the same age, asks his teenage daughter's hand in marriage is palpable in the pages of the novel. The stark reality is laid before the readers. There are not enough young unmarried men around to marry Aslam Khan's daughter. Most have been enlisted in the madrassa from where they graduate into militancy. And even if there was an eligible young bachelor in town, it would be a matter of time before the young bride would become a widow. An older man was unlikely to blow himself up. His daughter would enjoy at least ten to fifteen years of married life.

The scenes inside the madrassa, the linear progression of children towards becoming militants ready to lay down their lives in the hope of enjoying all the blessings of Paradise, the harsh treatment of a child who wants nothing more than listening to music and enjoying a game of cricket, project in front of the reader's eyes like a colored hologram, almost in real time.

The novel provides an insight into the history of events that led to the emergence of terrorism and religious intolerance in this area, and how the would-be suicide bombers are produced. To me, however, the central character is Aslam Khan. Perhaps the writer is looking through Aslam Khan's eyes and thinking through his mind as well. Aslam Khan is an honest hard working father of nine children whose only son was born after eight daughters. He never gives up hope of having a male child, nor does he entertain any thoughts of killing his daughters. He not only treats his wife Jamila with respect, he also seeks her advice and accepts it. He has faced dwindling business in the area that makes it extremely to make two ends together.

Khasta Khan is taken away from his family in the name of education and prospects of a better life. Aslam Khan knows that he will no longer have his son as his assistance making it even harder for him to continue with his daily work. The hope of a better future for his son, in addition to some financial support from the administrators of the religious school, overcomes his fears.

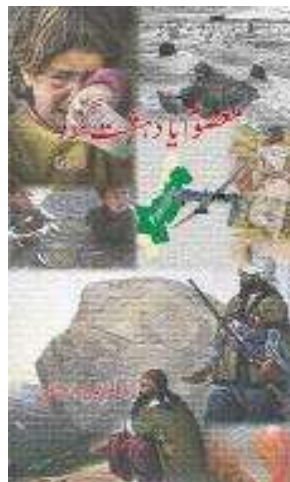
How the child gets brainwashed into a would-be militant at a tender age is described meticulously and analytically by the author.

The writer does not make an effort to provide any solutions to this problem. This is left up to the reader. He has become a character in the novel who is a victim of his circumstances, eventually losing his life in a deadly attack on a gas station. His bereaving family is consoled by his killers through financial remuneration.

The source of financial support for the madrassa and for the families whose children are taken away never to return, is not discussed since the ordinary people are not privy to this information in reality.

The reader has to work his way through the facts provided by the novelist to come up with his own solution to this grave problem. Government control while respecting the local traditions, establishment of a sustainable and safe infrastructure in this sensitive area, proper education for all, both boys and girls, a careful review of the religious curriculum, are some of the ideas that should be discussed and debated.

Umar deserves full credit for writing so elegantly about a topic that the world is facing. He reads into the minds of his characters, feels their emotions and conveys these very effectively to his readers, in refined Urdu. It is a pleasure to read and I will recommend it to all my friends.



Book Review Maasoom Ya Dahshat Gard (Innocent or Terrorist)

Izhar Khan

"There is in every village a torch-the teacher, and an extinguisher-the priest"

Victor Hugo

One day almost a year ago I was in London for some business, and as is my wont, I met up that evening with my dear friend and comrade Umer Daraz Khan, who some of us affectionately call UD.

Umer Daraz Khan hardly needs any introduction but for those who do not know him that well, he is a Dow graduate from the class of 86, one year below us. UD is a practising plastic surgeon, who has extensively published in his field of surgery and is a multifaceted man of many talents. I have known UD for 35 years and he was always (and still is) raising his voice against oppression and for the cause of the downtrodden and exploited masses of Pakistani society. Among his many talents he is an excellent basketball player, poet and portrait artist, he has now published his first novel, Maasoom Ya Dahshat Gard, in Urdu.

Whenever I am in London (usually on GMC business) UD and I meet up for a meal and a chat which goes on till the early hours of the morning by which time we have usually sorted out the world. That night in a club in Mayfair, over a nice meal and drinks, he told me that he had drafted a novel while travelling to Shanghai to attend a conference. He outlined to me the plot of his story, which he had hurriedly drafted on bits of paper on his long flight to China and asked me if I could have a look at the proofs, which our mutual friend Dr Amin Baig, in Karachi had put together. He also asked me if I could help in translating his book in English*. I acquiesced and the following week a heavy package containing the proofs was delivered to my house in Aberdeen.

My first impression, when I started reading the book was fascination with his grasp of the Urdu language. I love Urdu and my parents and grandparents had sown the seeds of my love for Urdu literature from an early age. However, my Urdu is at best 'salees' and I am still a student of this wonderful language. UD's Urdu reminded me of the essays by Pitras Bukhari, Azad and Sir Sayed we used to read and dare I say, tried to understand, in intermediate Urdu texts.

The novel is set in the Northern, Federally Administered tribal areas (FATA) of Pakistan and is centred on the family of a hardworking small time trader, Aslam Khan and his son Khasta Khan who is the main protagonist. Like millions in that area of Pakistan Aslam Khan is faced with daily struggle of feeding and clothing of his large family and at the same time preserving his dignity and honour within the fiercely independent Pushtoon society, which follows the strict traditional code of Pakhtoon Wali. For Aslam Khan, faced with the daily grind of trying to provide for his family, educating his only son and numerous daughters is like a fantasy he could only dream of. Into this milieu are thrown in the consequences of the wars of aggression and internecine struggles, which those regions of Pakistan and Afghanistan have been faced with since the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in 1979. UD gives a good perspective of the historical context and paints a vivid picture of the daily travails of the citizens of FATA. I read the novel in one sitting and throughout my reading I could feel empathy and concern for the people of FATA and

their predicament. It is easy for us living in the comfort of Western societies or the rich urban conurbations of Pakistan, where we take basic human rights and the right to education for granted, to pontificate and opine against 'suicide bombers' and terrorists, but when all hope is lost and there seems to be no end or hope in sight for millions of oppressed, poverty stricken people then it is little wonder that men readily find 'causes' to fight for to emancipate themselves out of the rut of exploitation and misery they find themselves and their loved ones trapped in. Regrettably in the case of Pakistan, the light of progressive thought is usually extinguished by perverse religious ideologies.

I remember as a child going on holidays to Quetta every year, where my paternal grandfather practised medicine and where we had our family home. My cousins in Quetta were still using slates, takhti and dawaat while we in Karachi enjoyed all the benefits of a modern education. For years Balochistan and Khaibar Pakhtoonkhwa have been neglected and their populations regarded as somehow suspicious and alien by federal governments of Pakistan and now we are seeing the consequences of that neglect.

UD very cleverly introduces the character of Shamrooz Khan who visits Aslam Khan's village and offers a way out for Aslam Khan's son by offering a place in a madressah, where his son would learn the Quran and other subjects and also be fed and clothed. He also offers Aslam Khan a stipend for his family. For Aslam Khan, this is too good an offer to refuse and he accepts it with alacrity. When the state abandons its responsibility towards its citizens then it is not surprising that others with their own agendas and vested interests step in to fill the void.

In the novel Umer Daraz Khan has been very careful to avoid taking sides and drawing any conclusions. He steers clear of making any judgements and his non-judgmental narration of events, weaved into relevant political and historical context enhances the impact of the book. He merely describes in eloquent yet simple prose what is happening daily in the Northern areas of Pakistan to millions of Aslam Khans and Khasta Khans. The novel has a poignant ending and I for one keenly await a sequel.

On the 21st September 2013 I had the privilege of introducing Umer Daraz Khan at the launch of his book. The event was held at the 2013 Faiz Mela in Friends' House Euston among hundreds of fans and lovers of the great iconic progressive poet of the sub-continent, Faiz Ahmad Faiz. There could not have been a better setting for the launch of Maasoom Ya Dahshat Gard.

* The English translation is being prepared by another great Dow veteran Dr Rashid Hassan Khan.



MASOOM YA DAHSHATGARD A CRITIQUE
By Syed Khalid Anwer ► DOW CLASS OF 1986

(Khalid Anwer was the last elected President of Dow Medical College from NSF panel and he is currently practicing as Surgeon in Ophthalmology in UK.)

Someone was once asked how he managed to finish so many books in a year, with his very busy schedule. He replied that he carried a book with him and while on the phone someone said, could you please hold in a minute, he would start reading. The story is of dogged determination, that is, come what may, if one is determined, things are achieved one way or another. And if one had a book, there always are waiting areas, queues, and indeed airport lounges. And was Umar's idea of the book not conceived at one of the lounges?

Umar's situation is quite similar. With a very busy clinical practice, a lot of travelling, to attend international meetings, to present papers, to chair meetings. A very busy family life and a varied circle of friends and not to forget participating in sports.

Sometimes an idea just hooks on and would not just go away, resurfacing again and gain, gnawing at you, till you really notice and do something about it. Ideas are fickle, they lie deep and dormant and then not unlike fish would resurface to breathe, shimmering and gliding , on the surface, birds see the chance and there is an orgy of diving frenzy. One has to get hold of as many as possible before they dive deep and disappear forever.

Ameen Baig had mentioned about the earlier manuscripts containing, notes scribbled on tissue papers. I can relate to that as well, there are hordes of notes jotted on envelopes, napkins, edges of newspapers, an attempt to capture the fickle thoughts as and when it comes. Behind all that though is the intense love of the beloved country, the place that is symbol of our existence where one had spent the childhood, early adulthood, the base of all the experience and happy memories and lessons of life.

Umar spending the time in active politics and being a very effective student leader had the foundations laid to study firsthand how the society worked, the strata the divisions, the fault lines, the struggles. No wonder at the time of elections, at the Dow gates, masses gathered, eager for the victory and what an unbridled joy has been exhibited, with the dances, the songs, and the phenomena procession that was taken out after the election victory.

This is a story of a Nation in turmoil, an upheaval, a Nation who has seen glorious days and is at the crossroads.

Stories are interesting. Stories are everywhere. We all make use of stories every day and our lives are shaped by stories. Stories about what happened in our dreams or at the dentist, stories about how we fell in love or the origins of the Universe, stories about war and peace.

Not only do we tell stories, stories tell us: if stories are everywhere, we are also in the stories. It is our story too.

One of the paradoxical attractions of a good story, in fact is understood to be its balance of digression, on the one hand, with progression towards an end, on the other.

One of the most fundamental distinctions in a narrative theory is that between 'story' and 'discourse'

There is a double structure, the level of the told (story) and the level of telling (discourse) Russian formalists call them fabula or skiz, the French structuralists call them either (recit(e) or histories) and discourse.

Story in this sense involves the events which the narrator would like us to believe occurred, the events implicitly or explicitly occurred. Discourse on the other hand involves the way in which these events are recounted, how they got told, the organization, the telling.

There are different kinds of narrators, third person, he unlocked the door and entered the house, the first person, I unlocked the door and entered the house. Subjective or objective, reliable or unreliable, the so called Omniscient, narrator.

It is an interesting choice for the author as some stories would just limp if the choice of narrator is not right nor is the point of view.

Umar has an interesting choice of the Omniscient narrator.....

An omniscient narrator is privy to all the characters, be it, Aslam Khan, Shamrooz Khan, Khasta Khan, Jamila or their daughters. Intimate with their thoughts,, their feelings, their concerns, their anxieties and fears, their dreams and hopes even their secret desires.

Where does one begin and when does the text begin?

Is it the first thought that comes in the author's mind or the first sentence he writes or types?

Or does the text only begin as the reader picks up the book?

The reader has to read the first sentence then the next and so on, that is the beginning.

When does the beginning end? Is it the first paragraph, the first few paragraphs, the first chapter?

The beginning starts when the reader is drawn in. The journey starts.

One can start the story near the end and work his way backwards.

Or start at the beginning!

No journey, no life, no narrative ever really begins, all have in a sense begun before the beginning!

John Milton's great epic, *Paradise Lost* (1667) begins by returning to the beginning:

" Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that for identity tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe
With loss of Eden, till one great Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat"

It is also about itself as a beginning; it assures us that this is the first time that such a project has been attempted

'things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme'

Not only the poem does talk about the beginning, the eating of the fruit of knowledge, but it also refers to the return to a time before the beginning (' regain the blissful seat').

A restoration which will be both beginning of a new age and repetition of a previous state.

Beginning in the middle, "MEDIAS ReS" is another way to begin.

One of the most famous beginning in the middle is Dante's opening to the *Divine Comedy* (c 1307-20)

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
Mi ritrovai per una delve oscura
CBS la dirk tat via era smarrita"

(midway in the journey of our life I found myself in a dark wood, for the straight way was lost)

There are at least three different middles here.

Middle of our life, middle of a dark wood and the middle of the narrative.

Pakistan's story is uncannily similar. Aren't we finding ourselves in the middle of a dark wood with straight way being lost with all the political, religious, social upheaval and even an existential mark hanging overhead?

How this has come about and brought about, we have been a reluctant witness to it

Umar has aptly alluded to it that how the feudals, the Industrialists and the Nawabs played a role and how these groups have a nefarious hold still, carving out their interest and let nothing come in their way that would interfere or block their vested interest.

How fruitful and different it would have been if we had leaders who had the vision, the courage, the wit and wisdom to encounter these issues? To have worked for the whole nation, for the

unity, prosperity for all the regions, to promote, health, education and a purpose for the nation, a direction!

Instead the nation was allowed to drift rudderless, with the factions and divisions incurred. If unchallenged, the gap between the rich and poor, the haves and the have-nots increasing day by day, with lack for the respect for law and a weak judiciary, rampant corruption, nepotism, lack of respect of merit and total lack of fear of accountability, this state of affair is the recipe of a troubled nation. The most important factor is lack of education and even basic education. Poor people in the villages with eight to ten children with all the practical issues of mouths being fed, jobs, marriages and other social evils and upheavals. One can only imagine the frustration and helplessness of a father and mother, crestfallen is the image that crops up. Situations like these are ripe for exploitation by the religious groups who on the pretext of providing basic education, food and shelter and some money for the family prize young impressionable souls for indoctrination and the. To be used for whatever purpose they want them to be used for. Human mind is absolutely magnificent capable of doing wonders, reaching new heights of intellectual greatness, but the. It can be easily hypnotized!

We have seen on live TV, with the click of fingers, the mind can be controlled and the person is doing as instructed to do, hopping on one leg, digging imaginary ground of whatever their handler asks them to do. And with a snap of the fingers they come out of the trance, hardly remembering or recalling what happened.

These young minds are also hypnotized and in total control, totally lacking any power or capability of rational thinking or decision making. If you have noticed any one on the TV, they appear so agitated that there is no eye contact, as if they were in a trance, far away, totally disconnected.

Recently there was an interview by a would-be fidaeen. The anchor was asking him questions whether he was worried about his family. The spine-chilling reply was that if their family was there as well, they would still not hesitate, meaning nothing could deter or distract them from their mission. He was asked whether he ever considered getting married the reply was "aik ka kia karna, wohan tu 70 intezaar kar raheen hain!" How brainwashed these guys are, not a sliver of sense and realization that it is the teaching of Quran that one should refrain from taking even a single innocent life! The situation is dire at the moment. It sometimes seems hopeless, irreconcilable. A very difficult task to turn things around but nothing is impossible, with the right, with tons of courage, astute handling and willing to compromise and showing magnanimity in offering sincere apologies where things have gone wrong and a sincere desire to put things right, things can be improved. It is a long road ahead, but one has to begin somewhere. Umar has done a good twist in the tale, by bringing Khasta Khan to Karachi, his father being dead, the nation going through turmoil; the story has the potential to take varied routes!

And he did let slip about Malala meeting Obama! Sometimes art imitates life and indeed life imitates art!!!!

Heritage bazaars and markets of Karachi from before the independence

Sohail Ansari

Retail and wholesale trading is part of the day to day life in any town or city. Bazaars and markets are integral components for town planning and play a pivotal role in the town's economy. Likewise, Karachi has numerous outlets, some new and some are old. I will mention here of some of our heritage old markets and bazaars but this is by no means a comprehensive account. You may feel that some historical markets are left out. Nevertheless, the major ones are described.

In the early days of the Raj, the local manufactures were confined to cotton cloths, silk scarves, carpets, rugs, and the ordinary metal and earthenware. Salt was manufactured in Mauripur. The staple exports consisted of grains, cotton, wool, hides and skins. During the Talpur Mirs, before the conquest of British, opium was also exported. Just to give you an idea, in 1902-03, the foreign trade amounted to 1217 lakhs: imports 505 and exports 712 lakhs. The American civil war gave an enormous impetus to the trade in Karachi, particularly by the high demand of cotton. The foresight of Charles Napier to make Karachi a major seaport brought the city a significant proportion of trade.

Saddar



Saddar bazaars were developed by the British forces in the towns they occupied to facilitate the provision of supplies to the troops in the cantonments. The history of Saddar Bazaar of Karachi can be traced to around 1839. It was initially established to serve the British military camp between the bazaar and the old city, even before their annexation of Sindh. The British had a treaty with Talpur Ameers of Hyderabad under which the Hyderabad Government did not charge taxes on the goods intended for sale in cantonments. So selling of goods in cantonments was a way on part of traders to bypass the taxes.

It was adjoined to Preedy quarter, situated between the Depot and the European infantry lines and had fine broad streets and stone flagged pavements, with good houses and shops on either side.



With the British conquest of Karachi in 1843, the residents of the British military camp were accommodated in the areas north and east of the bazaar. Roads were laid out by 1952. Saddar Bazaar followed a typical gridiron plan; all the major north-south streets were laid out at right angles to Bunder Road, Frere, Somerset and Elphinstone streets which along with Victoria Road, linked the northern part of the cantonment to the southern part. The area gathered pace following 1857 and soon developed into the most fashionable part of the city and served as a shopping centre for the British and European officers as well as civilians. By 1877, it grew its own aura of being elite in the city where latest fashion and imported products were sold. Saddar owed its development to the British policy of promoting trade and commerce in the city and also to the pioneering spirit of the Hindu, Goan, Parsi, and much later, the Muslim business communities which established businesses in the bazaar. They also took an active interest in the area's civic life and established a number of its lasting institutions. Those contributions gave Karachiites the churches, temples, libraries, gymkhanas, community centres, schools, clubs, bars and coffee houses. The Parsi and Goan residential areas were located in the bazaar itself, whereas the European quarters were situated on its periphery.



Empress Market

The site of the market has historical significance as on its grounds native sepoys were ruthlessly executed for their part in the war of independence in 1857.

Empress Market was constructed between 1884 and 1889, and was named after Queen Victoria, the empress of India. Its foundation stone was laid by the then Governor of Bombay, James Ferguson in 1884 with plans to open the building in the jubilee year, but paucity of funds made for slow progress and the building could only be completed in 1889. The building was designed by James Strachan while the foundations were completed by A.J Attfield, an English firm. The construction was carried out by the 'Mahoomed Niwan and Dulloo Khejoo' firm. This building occupies an area of 130ft by 100ft, with four galleries, each 46ft wide. Empress Market consists of four galleries or wings arranged around a central open quadrangle with doorways affording entrance from all directions. This market consisted of almost 280 shops, and at the time of construction, it was one of the seven markets that existed in Karachi. It is one of the very few historical buildings which exist in Karachi, and the old clock, placed above the entrance, is a central feature of this building. Empress market had four small gardens which were converted into shops after independence.



Boulton Market

Built in 1883, Boulton Market was named after Colonel C. F. Boulton, the then Municipal Commissioner of Karachi. It was one of the first vegetable and fruit markets to have been established in Karachi, and measured 100 feet in length and 80 feet in width initially; the size was increased in 1886, to accommodate stalls for fresh meat and fish. It also had three yards, three spacious halls, as well as several fountains. This also was designed by Strachan and replaced an old market that stood on the same site.



Lea Market

Karachi grew as a trading village and prospered in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century due to the development of Central Asian commerce. A sense of security pervaded the fortified town following its conquest by Talpurs and it expanded outside its walls. Textile and tanning industries established in the suburbs of the city, in Lyari, which became home for the labourers and workers. In the vicinity sprung an open vegetable and fruit market which developed in the 1820s. Those who served the market built their homes around. Following the British invasion, this area was the first one to be developed by them and became known as Napier quarter after Charles Napier. This open market expanded and in 1927 Lea Market was constructed. The market was named after Measham Lea who was the Chief Engineer of Karachi Municipality from 1908 to 1929 and for a brief period its Chief Administrative Officer as well. Two blocks were constructed, lavishly using the stone that was cheap and abundantly available. Vegetables, fruit, fish, meat and other stuff was retailed inside those buildings. In view of the growth and demand, two further blocks were added in 1937. A clock tower was constructed in early 1940s and became an iconic landmark. The market was linked to Napier Road, Embankment Road, River Street, Kundan Street, Sheedi Village Road, Kumhar Wara Road and Siddiq Wahab Road – sort of being the junction. Originally catering to the old town areas, it soon became a major trading centre and heavily frequented by middle class customers.

This probably is the oldest market of Karachi.



Elphinstone Street

Elphinstone Street was named after Monstuart Elphinstone (1779-1859), a Scot who played an important role in western India during the first part of the 19th century. He was the first British ambassador to Afghanistan, and helped defeat the Peshwas in Maharashtra, both before 1820. He served as Governor of Bombay Presidency - of which Karachi was a part until the 1930s. He was basically a civil servant, historian and statesman and a respected diplomat. He was Lieutenant-Governor of Bombay, 1819 - 1827.

Elphinstone Street was the fashionable shopping centre with elegant shops stocking goods from Britain and those from the Army and Navy store of London. Those were widely advertised in the newspaper 'Sind Kossid' which was widely read by the English.



Bohri Bazar

Built during the Raj, its narrow streets criss-crossed each other and it had some similarities to Arabian bazaars. A fire struck the bazar in 1958. The Bazaar owes much of its development to the Bohra community.

When the British army settled in Lines Area there were a great many Hindu cobblers who lived there. They were shifted to this neighbourhood, and that is when Mochi Gali came to existence.

Hoti Market

One such piece of the past is preserved in what was once called the Hasan Ali Hoti Market constructed in 1926.

Named after Hasan Ali Hoti, (1885-1957), an active member of the Khilafat Movement and Councillor of Karachi Municipality, Hoti Market is located at the crossroads of Barnes Street and Nabi Bux Road. It is built on Gothic lines and consists of two blocks built in a V shape around a central courtyard and topped with high pointed roofs.

It is said that in its heydays, Hoti Market was as grand an edifice as Empress Market, with customers thronging the various open stalls that sold everything from meat and vegetables to all kinds of items of daily use. Over the years, the place started being called Chotti Market before eventually being named Ranchore Line bazaar. Over the years the market has lost its glory and grandeur; the stalls have been converted into shops and the beautiful entrances have been blocked by encroachments. Lack of proper maintenance and ugly alterations to the exterior have caused a further deterioration of this national heritage.

Jodia Bazar

In its early days, Karachi had two fortification walls, Khara Darwaza to its west and Mitha Darwaza to its east and was guarded by Talpur soldiers. When the British took its control the gates were removed; but the areas where they once stood are pretty much here with their names compressed into single words — Kharadar and Mithadar. It is believed that Mithadar was named so because the land had drinkable sweet water underneath. It is difficult to say wherefrom the boundary of Mithadar begins. The precinct is bordered with Kharadar, Jodia Bazaar and Lyari Town across the road where the famous Kakri Ground is situated. Mithadar nonetheless has its charm, primarily because of many old dilapidated buildings.



The Talpurs had decided to invade the British camp and take over Karachi on February 16, 1843. However this news was broke to the local population so they could save themselves. Seth Naomal Hotchand informed Captain Preedy, the local commander of the English forces, of this plan. The captain took the local Talpur representatives to the parade ground near Jodia Bazar, took down the Talpur flag and hoisted the Union Jack. He told them in very certain terms that Karachi was under the British rule.

Cunynghame Market

This well stocked and commodious market was in Saddar and described well in the gazette of 1876. It was built in 1861 at a cost of Rs. 17, 500. Subsequently, two wings were added to it in 1868 at a cost of Rs. 2074. I could not find any reference to this market following the independence and, therefore, not certain as to what was its fate.

Shaikh Sadi
Translated by Saleem

هر صبحدم نسیم گل از بوستان توست
الجان بلبل از نفس دوستان توست

*The sweet fragrance of newly bloomed flowers
Carried by the morning breeze
From the garden of your beauty
The nightingale gets its inspiration from the freshness of your breath*

چون خضر دید آن لب جان بخش دلفریب
گفتا که آب چشمه حیوان دهان توست

*As Khizr eyed those lovely lips
That breathe life into loving hearts
He could not but call
Your mouth as the fountain of life*

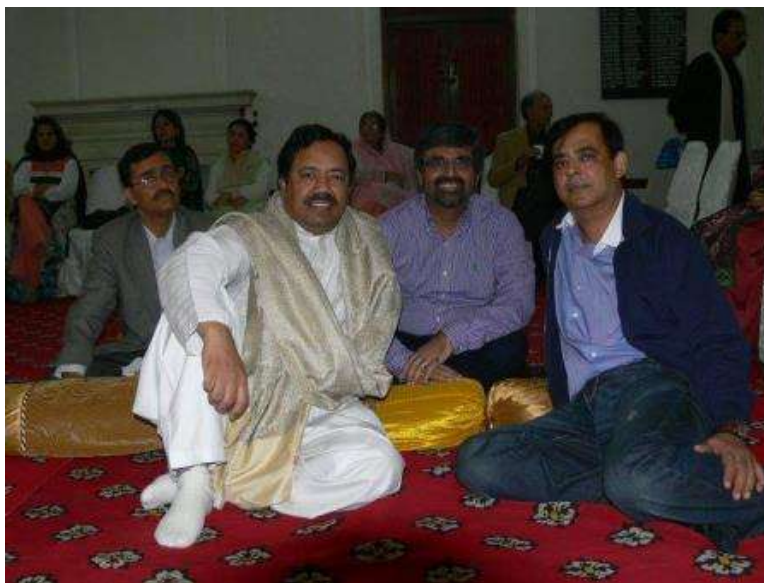
هر شاهدی که در نظر آمد به دلبری
در دل نیافت راه که آن جا مکان توست

*A hundred beauties do entice my thirsty eyes
None could find the way to my heart but you!*



Shaikh Muhi al-Din Sadi

FROM KARACHI WITH LOVE



Syed Razi Muhammad

One of my former students, Ch Sohail Iqbal wrote this poem at Muhammad Medical College's page. I liked and and replied to him. Here I am sharing the conversation.

سُنو
ناراض ہو ہم سے ؟
مگر ہم وہ ہیں جن کو تو منانا بھی نہیں آتا
کسی نے آج تک ہم سے محبت جو نہیں کی ہے

محبت کس طرح ہوتی ؟
ہمارے شہر کے اطراف میں تو
سخت پہرہ تھا خزاؤں کا
اور اس شہر پریشاں کی فصیلیں
زرد بیلوں سے لدی تھیں
اور اُن میں نہ کوئی خوشبو تھی، نہ کوئی پھول تم جیسا
مہک اُٹھتے ہمارے دیدہ و دل جس کی قربت سے
ہم ایسے شہر کی سنسان گلیوں میں
کسی سُوکھے ہوئے ویران پتے کی طرح سے تھے
کہ جب ظالم ہوا ہم پر قدم رکھتی
تو اُس کے پاؤں کے نیچے ہمارا دم نکل جاتا
مگر پت جھڑ کا وہ ویران موسم
سُنا بے ٹل چکا اب تو
مگر جو بار ہونا تھی
سو وہ تو ہو چکی ہم کو
سُنو
بارے ہوئے لوگوں سے تو روٹھا نہیں کرتے

Following is what I wrote to my dear student, Sohail.

This poem made me think that I am a teacher of thousands of young boys and girls. Though you and your colleagues are mature doctors now, I still consider all of you as my students. Having soft feelings for opposite gender is a natural thing. But feelings are very precious and should be reserved for those who value them. For very special persons. Someone who really deserves it, like a mother, a wife (or to be wife), a daughter or a sister. Someone like that. Because if one makes a mistake of saying this under the influence of hormones and infatuation, then he loses lot of self-respect. For those who really want to understand what I mean, I am presenting my three poems. First I wrote before marriage, 2nd after I was blessed with daughters, and 3rd when one of my lady class fellow, a friend of my wife asked me how do I feel about my wife as she is not that young and the world is full of pretty younger women. Read them and try to understand why one should only allow baring the heart, for very special people: They are dedicated to you and your colleagues and all my dear students whom I love as my children.

Second Poem

بیٹیوں والوں کے نام ایک نظم

نوجوانی کے تقاضے بھی عجب تھے جن میں
عمر قابومیں نہ تھی
اور اُسے بانہوں میں جکڑنے کی تمنا بھی نہ
تھی
زندگی نام تھا بیجان کا طغیانی کا
زیست کے ضابطوں کی بے سروسامانی کا
نظم و ترتیب کی، تہذیب کی ارزانی کا

جب حریفوں سے نہ تھے، خود سے تھے
گتھم گتھا
مطمئن لمحوں سے لٹھم لٹھا
گرمئی خون سے بکا بکا

پھر بواہوں کہ مہ و مہر کی کرنوں کی طرح
اپنے آنگن میں اُترائے درخشاں چہرے
چاند سورج سے بھی تاباں چہرے
برغم و درد کا درماں چہرے

بارمونوں کو ابلنے سے ذرا دیر کو فرصت جو
ملی تو ہم کو
بیٹیوں کے رخ پر نور کی تابانی میں
عاشقی کا نیا مفہوم سمجھ میں آیا
زندگی کا نیا مفہوم سمجھ میں آیا



First Poem

سوئمبر

یہ لمحہ سچ کا لمحہ ہے
محبت کرنے والوں کو یہ لمحہ کھیلنا ہو گا
یہ ساعت دکھ کی ساعت ہے
اسے تقدیر کی بازی سمجھ کر کھیلنا ہو گا
یہ ایسی راہ ہے جس میں
تسابل راہ میں آجائے تو رستہ نہیں ملتا
اگر آئینہ مل بھی جائے تو چہرہ نہیں ملتا
کتابِ دل میں اس الجھن کا حل لکھانہیں ملتا
تمہیں میں اپنا جزو دل سمجھتا تھا
تمہارے ہاتھ میں کل بار ہو گا اور طلب گاروں کی
صف آرائیاں ہوں گی
جمع ہوں کل اپنی عرضیاں آنکھوں میں لے کر سب
گے
بدن کے ولولے ہر حرکت مو سے عیاں ہوں گے

وہاں پر میں نہیں ہوں گا
تمہاری آنکھ کا اس لمحے منظر، میں نہیں ہوں گا
تمہارے ہاتھ کے پھولوں کا محور، میں نہیں ہوں گا
جہاں اپنے پرانے ہوں برابر، میں نہیں ہوں گا
تمنائی اکھٹے ہوں جہاں پر، میں نہیں ہوں گا
نہیں ہوں گا وہاں پر زندگی بھر میں نہیں ہوں گا

عجب میری محبت ہے
تمہارے پیار کے جادو سے آنکھیں جگمگاتی ہیں
تمہارے عشق کی طاقت سے میرا دل دھڑکتا ہے
مگر اے بے خبر میرے

میں اپنے زخمی خوابوں کو لیے چپ چاپ گھائل
ہوں

طوا فی کوچہ جانناں میں تنہائی کا قائل ہوں
محبت میں تقابل پر میں مائل تھا نہ مائل ہوں
تمہارے در پہ مثلِ غیر، سائل تھا نہ سائل ہوں

مجھے افسوس ہے جاناں
تمہیں پانے کی خاطر بھی اصولوں سے بغاوت ہو
نہیں سکتی
مرے ہاتھوں سے یوں تو بین الفت ہو نہیں سکتی
مجھے آئینے سے ایسی عداوت ہو نہیں سکتی
محبت کی قسم ایسی محبت ہو نہیں سکتی
وہاں پر میں نہیں ہوں گا

Third Poem

ایک شکریے کے جواب میں

اسے کہنا
کہ ہم اتنی وفا کر ہی نہیں پائے
نہ اتنا پیار دے پائے
کہ جتنا چاہتے تھے
اور اس کا حق بھی بنتا تھا

اسے کہنا
کہ پھر بھی گرد بکھری داستانوں میں
وفاؤں کی، محبت کی
مثالیں جتنی ملتی ہیں
ہمارے دل میں اس کا پیار ان سب ہی سے بڑھ کر ہے

اسے کہنا
کہ جب کوئی کسی کے گھر کو اپنے اور اپنے پھول سے بچوں سے اک جنت بنا
دے
تو اس کے پیار کا قرضہ کوئی کیسے اتارے گا؟

اسے کہنا
ہماری سانس میں اتری وفائیں اور محبت
گو پہاڑوں سے بھی اونچی اور سمندر سے بھی گہری ہیں
مگر بچوں کی صورت میں جو نعمت اس کے ذریعے سے ہمارے گھر میں اتری ہے
وہ اتنی ہے کہ جس کا بدلہ کوئی دے نہیں سکتا

اسے کہنا
کبھی ایسا بھی ہوتا ہے کہ لفظوں کے کھلاڑی
اپنی ہی حالت بیاں کرنے سے قاصر ہوں

اسے کہنا
کہ یہ کم مائیگی جو مرد کی قسمت میں لکھی ہے
اسے اپنی وفا کی اوڑھنی کے پلو میں مستور کر لے
اسے کہنا کہ ہم کو معاف کر دے
اور محبت اور وفا کو ناپے اور تولے بنا منظور کر لے

Faiz Ahmed Faiz by Mahwash Gaba

Faiz Ahmad Faiz Faiz Ahmed Faiz was born on February 13 (1911-1984) in Sialkot, India, which is now part of Pakistan. He had a privileged childhood as the son of wealthy landowners Sultan Fatima and Sultan Muhammad Khan, who passed away in 1913, shortly after his birth. His father was a prominent lawyer and a member of an elite literary circle which included Allama Iqbal, the national poet of Pakistan.

In 1916, Faiz entered Moulvi Ibrahim Sialkoti, a famous regional school, and was later admitted to the Scotch Mission High School where he studied Urdu, Persian, and Arabic. He received a Bachelor's degree in Arabic, followed by a master's degree in English, from the Government College in Lahore in 1932, and later received a second master's degree in Arabic from the Oriental College in Lahore. After graduating in 1935, Faiz began a teaching career at M.A.O. College in Amritsar and then at the Hailey College of Commerce in Lahore.

Faiz's early poems had been conventional, light-hearted treatises on love and beauty, but while in Lahore he began to expand into politics, community, and the thematic interconnectedness he felt was fundamental in both life and poetry. It was also during this period that he married Alys George, a British expatriate and convert to Islam, with whom he had two daughters. In 1942, he left teaching to join the British Indian Army, for which he received a British Empire Medal for his service during World War II. After the partition of India in 1947, Faiz resigned from the army and became the editor of *The Pakistan Times*, a socialist English-language newspaper.

On March 9, 1951, Faiz was arrested with a group of army officers under the Safety Act, and charged with the failed coup attempt that became known as the Rawalpindi Conspiracy Case. He was sentenced to death and spent four years in prison before being released. Two of his poetry collections, *Dast-e Saba* and *Zindan Namah*, focus on life in prison, which he considered an opportunity to see the world in a new way. While living in Pakistan after his release, Faiz was appointed to the National Council of the Arts by Zulfikar Ali Bhutto's government, and his poems, which had previously been translated into Russian, earned him the Lenin Peace Prize in 1963.

In 1964, Faiz settled in Karachi and was appointed principal of Abdullah Haroon College, while also working as an editor and writer for several distinguished magazines and newspapers. He worked in an honorary capacity for the Department of Information during the 1965 war between India and Pakistan, and wrote stark poems of outrage over the bloodshed between Pakistan, India, and what later became Bangladesh. However, when Bhutto was overthrown by Zia Ul-Haq, Faiz was forced into exile in Beirut, Lebanon. There he edited the magazine *Lotus*, and continued to write poems in Urdu. He remained in exile until 1982. He died in Lahore in 1984, shortly after receiving a nomination for the Nobel Prize.

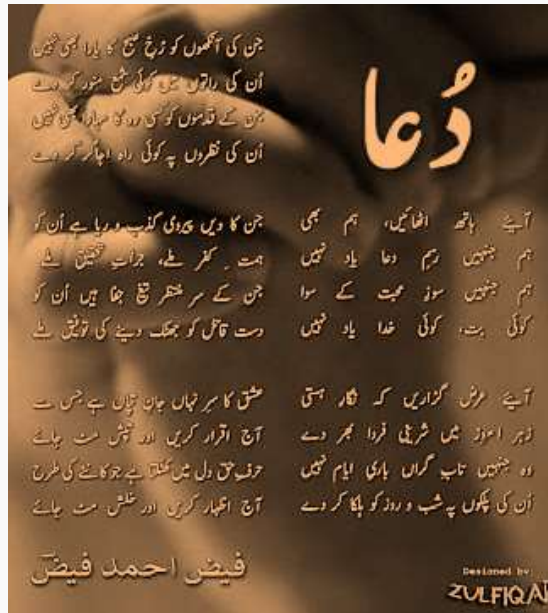
Faiz was an influential left-wing intellectual, revolutionary poet, and one of the most famous poets of the Urdu and Punjabi language from Pakistan. A notable member of the Progressive Writers' Movement (PWM), Faiz was an avowed Marxist. Listed four times for the Nobel Prize in poetry, he received the Lenin Peace Prize by the Soviet Union in 1962. Despite being repeatedly accused of atheism by the political and military establishment, Faiz's poetry suggested a more nuanced relationship with religion in general and with Islam in particular. He was, in fact, greatly inspired by both secular poetry and South Asia's Sufi traditions. His popular ghazal *Hum Dekhenge* is an example of how he fused these interests.

Throughout his tumultuous life, Faiz continually wrote and published, becoming the best-selling modern Urdu poet in both India and Pakistan. While his work is written in fairly strict diction, his poems maintain a casual, conversational tone, creating tension between the elite and the common, somewhat in the

tradition of Ghalib, the renowned 19th century Urdu poet. Faiz is especially celebrated for his poems in traditional Urdu forms, such as the Ghazals, and his remarkable ability to expand the conventional thematic expectations to include political and social issues.

A Selected Bibliography		Poetry in Translation
سر وادی سینا	نقش فریادی	<i>Poems</i> (1962) trans. By V.G. Kiernan
متاع لوح و قلم	دشت صبا	<i>Poems by Faiz</i> (1971) trans. V.G. Kiernan
رات دی رات	زندادان نامہ	<i>The True Subject: Selected Poems of Faiz Ahmed Faiz</i> (1988) trans. Naomi Lazard
انتخاب پیام مشرق منظوم ترجمہ	میزان	<i>The Unicorn and the Dancing Girl</i> (1988) trans by Daud Kamal, ed. By Khalid Hasan
شام شہر یاران	دشت تہ سنگ	<i>The Rebel's Silhouette</i> (1991) trans. Agha Shahid Ali
میرے دل میرے مسافر	حرف حرف	<i>The Rebel's Silhouette: Selected Poems</i> (1995) rev. ed. Trans. Agha Shahid Ali
	نسخہ ہائے وفا	

A SELECTION OF FAIZ'S POETRY



مرے درد کو جو زباں ملے

مرے درد ہے نغمہ بے صدا
مری ذات ذرّہ بے نشاں
مرے درد کو جو زباں ملے
مجھے اپنا نام و نشاں ملے
مری ذات کا جو نشاں ملے
مجھے رازِ نظمِ جہاں ملے
جو مجھے یہ رازِ نہاں ملے
مری خامشی کو بیاں ملے
مجھے کائنات کی سروری
مجھے دولتِ دو جہاں ملے

ہم کہ ٹھہرے انہی راتوں کے بعد
نہر میں کے آگے کتنی راتوں کے بعد

کب نظر میں آئے گی بے دارغِ بڑے کی ہول
خون کے دسے و طعین کے کتنی برساتوں کے بعد

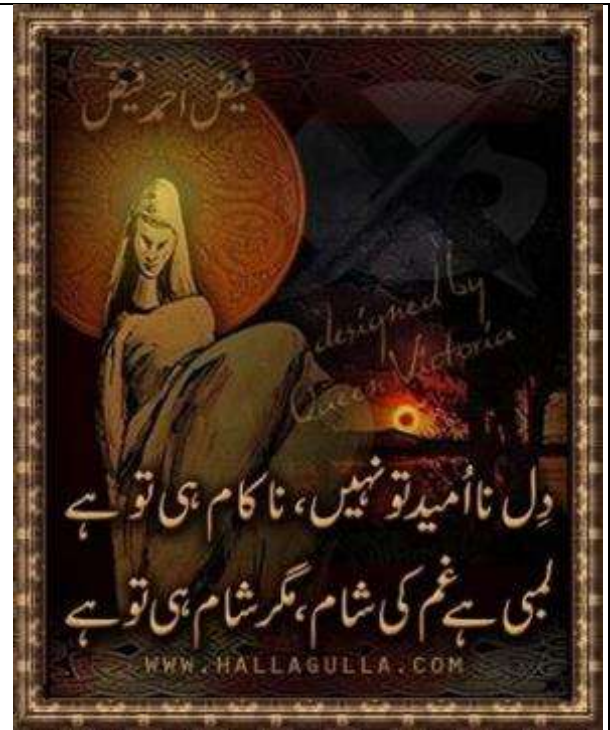
تھے بہت درد لیے ختمِ دردِ عشق کے
تھیں بہت بے مہرِ مہیں مہرباں راتوں کے بعد

دل تو چاہا پر نکستہ دل نے مہلت ہی ددی
کچھ کے شکرے بھی کر لیتے حجابوں کے بعد

اُن تہ جو کہنے کے تھے نقشِ ہاں صوفی کے
اُن کی ہی روگنی و دہات سب باتوں کے بعد

فیض احمد فیض۔

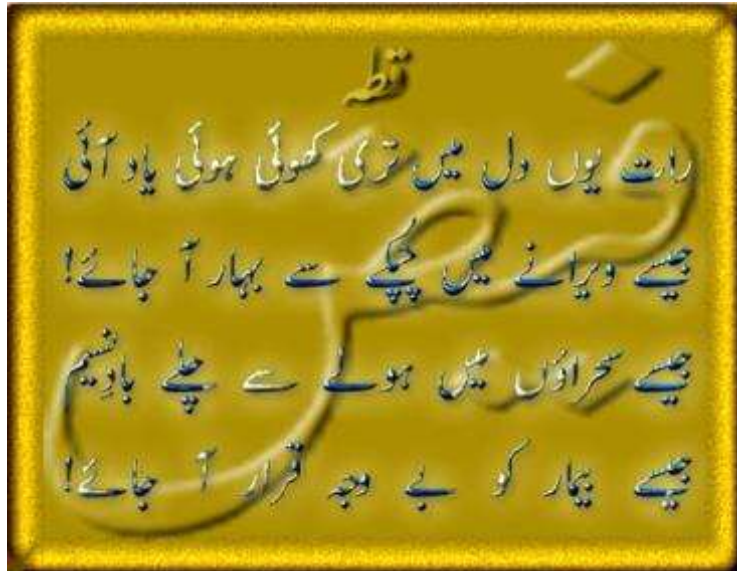
دونوں جہاں تیری محبت میں ہار کے
وہ جا رہا ہے کوئی شبِ غم گزار کے
ویراں ہے میکدہ ، گم و ساغرِ اداس ہیں
تم کیا گئے کہ روٹھ گئے دنِ بہار کے
اک فرصتِ گناہ ملی، وہ بھی چار دن
دیکھے ہیں ہم نے حوصلے پروردگار کے
دنیا نے تیری یاد سے بیگانہ کر دیا
تجھ سے بھی دلفریب ہیں غمِ روزگار کے
بھولے سے مسکرا تو دیے تھے وہ آج فیض
مت پوچھ ولولے دلِ ناکردہ کار کے



مجھ سے پہلی سی محبت مری محبوب نہ مانگ

مجھ سے پہلی سی محبت مری محبوب نہ مانگ
میں نے سمجھا تھا کہ تو ہے تو درخشاں ہے حیات ترا غم ہے تو غم دہر کا جھگڑا کیا ہے
تیری صورت سے ہے عالم میں بہاروں کو ثبات تری آنکھوں کے سوا دنیا میں رکھا کیا ہے
تو جو مل جائے تو تقدیر گلوں ہو جائے
یوں نہ تھا، میں نے فقط چاہا تھا یوں ہو جائے
اور بھی دکھ ہیں زمانہ میں محبت کے سوا
راحتیں اور بھی ہیں وصل کی راحت کے سوا
ان گنت صدیوں کے کے تاریک بہیمانہ طلسم ریشم و اطلس و کنو اب میں بُوائے ہوئے
جا بجا پکتے ہوئے کوچہ و بازار میں جسم خاک میں لتھڑے ہوئے خون میں نہائے ہوئے
جسم نکلے ہوئے امراض کے ستوروں سے پیپ بہتی ہوئی گلتے ہوئے ناسوروں سے
لوٹ جاتی ہے ادھر کو بھی نظر کیا کیجئے اب بھی دلکش ہے ترا حسن مگر کیا کیجئے
اور بھی دکھ ہیں زمانہ میں محبت کے سوا
راحتیں اور بھی ہیں وصل کی راحت کے سوا
مجھ سے پہلی سی محبت مری محبوب نہ مانگ،

I will end with a verse that my father enjoyed very much – Dedicating this to his loving memory.



THE LIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE

SHARED BY ARJUMAND ASIF



COEDITOR SAM KHAN BEING ENTERTAINED BY FAHEEM MUKHTAR, KHALID SALEEM, ANNIE KHALID, FAYYAZ AHMED SHAIKH AND HIS DAUGHTER RABEL

SPOTLIGHT ON A D85 DAUGHTER

Durr-e-Sameen Hashmi

I'm Samrina Hashmi's daughter, Durr-e-Sameen Hashmi. Currently back home to spend time with mom after having completed my Masters in Mental Health Studies from the Institute of Psychiatry, Kings College London.

I started off as a girl with the usual aspirations of wanting to follow my family and mothers' footsteps of becoming a doctor and soon developed a deep interest for Psychology and a growing hate for Physics and Chemistry. It was finally during A levels that I dropped all 'sciences' and took up Psychology, Sociology, World History and Economics and I thoroughly enjoyed the change.

I then went onto pursuing a B.Sc. degree in UK from the University of Warwick. Having been a very spoilt and pampered kid right from the very start I still remember standing under one of the trees in the massive campus of Warwick, calling my mom and crying my heart out about how I don't understand anything and how she's left me alone! But soon it became more than home to me, and shall probably always be the best years of my life! As is with almost every university student !

As part of my future aspirations to become a Clinical Psychologist I was involved in a decent amount of clinical work. I was given the amazing opportunity and experience to observe a Psychiatric Ward setup under the supervision of Dr. Arif Zai (Arif chacha) for four weeks at Bradgate Mental Health Unit in Leicester.

Soon after I enrolled into a one year Masters programme at Kings. London being the best city of the world was a different change from the protected campus lifestyle I had just lived at Warwick. As part of my Masters I was involved in a voluntary six month clinical attachment at female psychiatry ward in Lewisham. I also managed to write a decent enough thesis on the Psychological Improvements in Quality of Life of Marfan syndrome patients who have undergone the newly invented External Aortic Root Surgery (For interested Cardiothoracic surgeons :p). I now look forward to my graduation in February 2014.

Currently, I am back home and killing time by doing an observership at the Agha Khan University Hospital's Department of Psychiatry, as well as assisting with potential future research on the impact of Mental illness on marriages in Pakistan.

On an emotional note, I owe all my achievements, academic and personal, to my mother Samrina Hashmi. Hardworking, extremely loving and incredibly selfless are a few words that come to mind when I think of her. She's my world and she is and will always be the reason why I'm back in Pakistan. I wish to spend some time with her before I move onto the bigger, unavoidable but necessary things we all need to do. And not to forget my side kick, my twin Daniyal Hashmi. Till A-levels we did everything together till we parted ways when he went onto pursue a degree in MBBS and I rebelled as the black sheep of the family. However, we still like

to believe we have some twin connections, where when I catch a cold he likes to think he will catch one too. Haha.

I hope you enjoyed this slightly descriptive, detailed account of my academic achievements. Let's hope I have a lot more to share in the future, InshAllah !

Best Wishes =)



